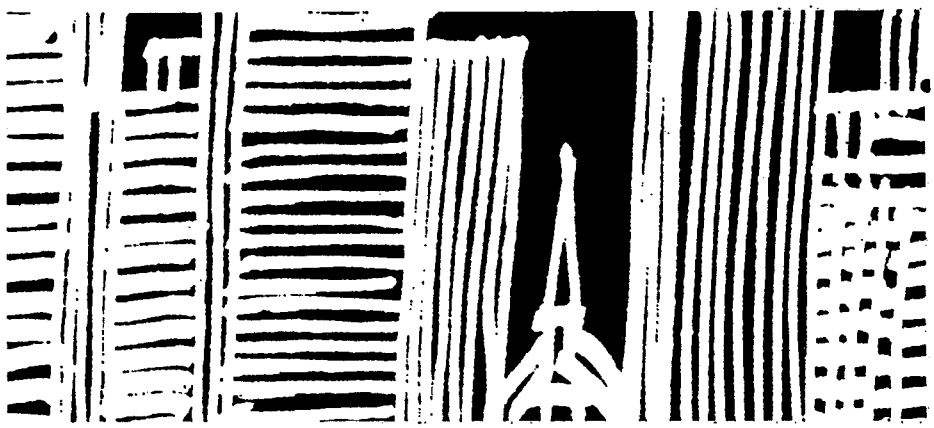
Volume LXXXVII No. 5 November 3, 1967 30 cents

commonweal



ST. CHARLES SEMINARY LIBRARY
NOV 3 1967
CARTHAGENA STATION, CELINA, OHIO

CHURCH AND SECT

Daniel Callahan

THE EDUCATION OF WOMBATS

Paul West

REPORT FROM ROME

James O'Gara

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Suez, 1956—*Gabriel Gersh*

Ecumenism, 1967—*Martin E. Marty*

ST CHARLES SEM LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822
A-3505 12-68

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS AND VIEWS

The battle of words continues over the possibility of getting medical aid through Hanoi to the civilian needy of North Vietnam. Bishop Edward E. Swanstrom, executive director of Catholic Relief Services, insists still that the task is an impossible one. "Last June," he remarked recently, "French and German Catholic Charities made two small shipments of medical supplies to Hanoi. On both occasions it was clearly stated that any further shipments would be made only on condition that the Hanoi Red Cross would assure the safe arrival of the supplies and that proper use was made of them; i.e., for suffering civilians only. To date, no such assurance has been received and all other shipments are pending."

Msgr. Georg Hüssler, secretary general of German Caritas, has a somewhat different story. In a telephone conversation with Adolph Schalk, American free-lancer living in Zurich, Hüssler commented:

1) The shipment of medical supplies (microscopes) from German Caritas was received and was acknowledged in July;

2) The program of aid to North Vietnam is in full swing; there has been no curtailment or suspension and none is planned;

3) Delays and red tape have not been due to Hanoi, but the complicated problem of wading through a vast assortment of bids by Western (sic) firms selling medical supplies, and finding the equipment and instruments suitable and most economical;

4) The aid program to North Vietnam is jointly a project of Caritas International *and* the World Council of Churches *and* a number of non-confessional charitable organizations. For this reason there is a problem of proper distribution of tasks among the various participants.

Msgr. Hüssler told Schalk that further shipments to North Vietnam were planned "in a few weeks." That was in early October; the supplies are probably en route right now.

He also told Schalk that he did not know whether the French shipment (ear, nose and throat medical equipment) had been acknowledged by the North Vietnamese, but said that there is no reason to believe otherwise.

In San Francisco, meanwhile, Bishop Swanstrom took a swipe at what he termed "way out Catholic periodicals" that have been bugging him and CRS. "The CRS is neither hawk nor dove," he said. "We distributed food, clothing and other supplies to the needy in North and South Vietnam before the partition of that unhappy country. Our distributions were then, as now, non-political. To present such facts to the issue-seekers, however, is simply to have them ignored in the interest of the special causes they espouse."

•

Philadelphia Magazine focuses on the Philadelphia archdiocese in its October issue. Sample quotes from an article by Bernard McCormick:

". . . Students of American Catholicism agree that Philadelphia is, at least, tied for the lead in reluctance to adjust to the spirit of change that emanated from Vatican II."

"Reflecting the caution of Chancery, the diocesan newspaper, the *Catholic Standard & Times,* rarely runs anything that would indicate that Catholic life in 1967 is any less placid than it was 30 years ago."

"The Church's interest in civil rights, or lack of it, is a separate book. No institution in Philadelphia had the potential to do so much to promote racial harmony and has done so little."

"Most of his critics don't really think Cardinal Krol appreciates the scope of the problem (new ideas). They regard him as an excellent administrator who could probably fill General Westmoreland's shoes (gulp!) in a pinch. But they think he is out of touch."

•

A subscriber in Sarnia, Ontario, site of the Diocese of London's synod of laity, clergy and religious (700-800 delegates), circled a paragraph from an interview with Bishop G. Emmett Carter, added his emphasis and sent it along:

"Bishop Carter *made no bones* about what happens to the legislation. 'I will treat the recommendations as recommendations *but the final decision remains with me* . . .' He elaborated that 'we are not convening to legislate theology by popular vote . . .' "

•

Triumph magazine, the conservative monthly that headed off last Spring into the "wilderness" of liberal journalism, is back with an appeal for help. It is asking $17 from each subscriber—"the difference between what you pay for *Triumph* and its actual cost."

"Alas, the inexorable mathematics of keeping a small magazine alive and growing has at last caught up with us," editor L. Brent Bozell wrote readers. "We have been driven to the wall."

•

"The big thing in Milwaukee these days is not Father Groppi. It's the kids of the NAACP Youth Council." So commented Pittsburgh civil rights activist Father Donald McIlvane after marching in the Wisconsin city.

Father McIlvane stressed that he was not slighting Father Groppi, only that he found the youths amazing and inspiring. He explained:

"They begin their rallies with a swinging prayer service in St. Boniface Church. To the self-righteous and to the bigots, this service is disgraceful. I found it human and reverent.

"Then they march . . . It's the kids who control the march. These 'commando' youth range up and down the line. . .

"When a confrontation develops with the police and patrol wagons move up for a possible arrest, the kids walk up and down the motionless marchers reminding us that 'this is a non-violent movement—don't resist if you are arrested.'

"These kids are the thing in Milwaukee—and they aren't going to be part of any sell-out." JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Power Shock

Margaretville, N.Y.

To the Editors: I would like to express my gratitude for your editorial "The Old Power Play" (Oct. 20). I write as a Presbyterian parish minister, deeply interested in furthering trends toward mutual understanding. I have seen the post-conciliar spirit at work at the local parish level, dissolving old suspicions and fears, opening new channels of communication and common effort. In the light of these advances, the events of the past months have been very distressing. Many of us have simply been drawn up short by the massive effort of the church centered on securing repeal of the Blaine Amendment in the hope of obtaining aid for parochial schools.

Some of the allegations made in the literature distributed are shocking. In a pamphlet entitled "Children Are the Issue," published by Citizens for Educational Freedom, those who oppose state and federal aid to religiously affiliated schools are classed as fanatical bigots:

"This type of fanaticism is progressive as we learned in the Hitler regime a few short years ago when it started with the Jewish people and continued through to affect people of other religions. In the United States, it has progressed from the Roman Catholics to the other religions, adversely affecting the youngsters attending the schools of their choice. This means that all these children are discriminated against by the same form of bigotry." (p. 3)

The specter of a pre-conciliar church devoted to acquiring political and economic power has also been evoked. Liberal Protestant advocates of loosening up "strict separation" have long argued that such accommodations would not be used as a springboard for further gains.

Protestants who have been open to the "new look" are now confused and chagrined. Your editorial shows that the post-conciliar attitudes are still very much alive. . . .

WILLIAM H. HARTER

(Continued on page 152)

NEWS & VIEWS: 134 **CORRESPONDENCE: 135**
EDITORIALS: 135
THE PLIGHT OF CITY COLLEGE: *Leonard Kriegel* **137**
THE TWO CHURCHES: *James O'Gara* **138**
CHURCH AND SECT: *Daniel Callahan* **140**
THE EDUCATION OF WOMBATS: *Paul West* **143**
VERSE: *Sr. Mary Ellen, S.S.N.D.* **148**
THE SCREEN: *Philip T. Hartung* **146** ***MEDIA:*** *Paul Velde* **147**
BOOKS: 150

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN: *Executive Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* OONA SULLIVAN: *Associate Editor*
ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant* JONATHAN EISEN: *Editorial Assistant*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* WILFRID SHEED: *Books*
JOHN SIMON: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1967 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

THE HOUSE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

Toward the end of Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, civilization begins to come apart as Europe drifts into World War One. The supernatural happens, objects fly through the air. Ten days ago Hans Castorp would have felt at home in the House of Representatives which was trying to decide whether or not to let the United States Government go bankrupt.

The woeful tale began in August when President Johnson sent to the Hill his surtax proposal which, pointing to a deficit as high as $29 billion, conjured up the demon of rampant inflation. Administration strategists badly miscalculated in assuming that the scare technique would generate support for the tax as the lesser evil: House doves saw the measure as a war tax; liberals in general preferred tax reform, and conservatives gleefully whetted paring knives to hack away at domestic spending. When Wilbur Mills finally pronounced the surtax D.O.A. in mid-September, the White House could count on fewer than 100 votes for.

Meanwhile House budget-cutters have been aided by the tardiness of Congress in approving fiscal '68 appropriations. The fiscal year is already a third over, while only half of the appropriations bills have passed. Normally a routine procedure, the ritual of authorizing unfunded agencies to continue spending has now given the economizers new leverage. In September, for example, Republicans demanding a general cut of $5 billion were able to block the continuing appropriations resolution for a week, leaving most federal agencies technically bankrupt, though the resolution finally passed by eight votes.

This mentality has since gained enough steam to worry almost every department except Defense. The White House on a political limb has been playing Alphonse-Gaston requesting Congress to specify its own cuts; Rep. Mahon, fearing imminent passage of the Republican amendment limiting federal expenditures to $131.5 billion, an amputation of $5 billion from domestic programs, offered his own package which would take $3 billion. The Mahon amendment would have pared OEO to an annual $1.2 billion, cut research and development 10 percent, and trimmed the agencies by as much as 25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

percent by February 1968. Thanks to the horror generated in the Departments by this latter prospect, where dire consequences were foreseen in everything from the postal services to tax collection—the IRS had estimated a loss of $660 million in tax revenues—the Mahon package, essentially an appeasement, failed. But the economizers had their way after all, and both the Whitten amendment limiting agencies to last year's levels and the Republican proposal did pass, leaving House liberals with only the hope that the Senate would restore in conference what the House took away without debate.

What happened was that the specter of a large deficit provided the conservatives with an excuse to gut domestic programs by the back door. Ironically, Johnson is himself largely to blame for misreading public sentiment and structuring a choice between a severe budget cut and a politically detestable surtax. By raising the political price on domestic spending, the Administration set the stage for the unravelling of its entire domestic program. It is as if the congressional superego of fiscal sanity has come unstuck, releasing the genie of primitive pre-New Deal urges toward anarchism and nineteenth century economics. The only comfort in these events is that they finally gave lie to the Administration's repeated argument that we could afford both guns and butter. The guns have led us to a $30 billion deficit—if McNamara hasn't made another $10 billion miscalculation—and we are paying in butter. A war and a giant deficit have dictated to a Congress where the military is sacrosanct that cuts are mandatory in Education, Housing, Health and anti-Poverty—the programs which were Johnson's last unbombed bridge to liberal support.

As New York City Representative Ryan stated, "We are making grave decisions on national priorities by default. Virtually without substantive debate, we are deciding that the continued escalation of the war is worth the destruction of critical domestic programs of the past seven years."

THE PENTAGON 'BESIEGED'

Scores of thousands of rational, intelligent, passionate, desperate people who know perfectly well that demonstrations "make no difference" and "do no good" committed the risibly absurd act on Oct. 21 of marching on the Pentagon to confront power with truth. They were—prevailingly—young, white, middle-class; and somehow they did not seem to know that governments, unlike people, have no faces—or that governments, which live a life apart, are radically different from people. The Pentagon, because it is not people, cannot be confronted. The marchers who had come there (or who on an impulse of the moment decided) to violate the terms of the march-permit and thereby commit acts of civil disobedience found, not the Government they hoped to confront, but some men in uniform (soldiers and federal marshals) guarding an unlovely, barbaric complex of structures, the vast void which is the Pentagon.

Until then, you would never have known bloody insurrection was in progress. The place of assembly—the Lincoln Memorial and its reflecting pool—had an air on that dazzling afternoon of an immense picnic. The girls were lovely and listless in the sun; old friends met and embraced; the middle-aged, looking more like chaperones than revolutionaries, beamed benignly, glad to be there and see how well the kids had turned out after all; and hardly anyone paid attention to the voices on the loudspeakers. Che's name was mentioned, and the kids bestirred themselves briefly to applaud; some others struck rather dashing figures as they held high the black flag of anarchism; some scruffy kids, looking as if they could and on a dare might storm a pizza palace, fiercely unfurled the terrible banners of the W.E.B. Du Bois Clubs—real, self-declared, diabolic Communists, shock troops of the final triumph. Because of them and their implacable ideological enemies —16 suburban Maoists who kept a cautious distance—elements of SANE, as well as other groups fearing contamination, had publicly announced a boycott of the Mobilization.

When the songs and speeches were over, the sprawling marchers gathered themselves into a striking force and aimed its gigantic fist toward the Pentagon. Only it was more like a meandering stroll through the autumn landscape, a pleasant ramble in the park—so that when it happened, the culminating event seemed wildly improbable. The uniformed boys were real soldiers with fixed bayonets, tear gas and gas masks; and the club-swinging marshals were going for, and getting, bone and flesh. A girl with flowers in her hair kept saying, "No. No. Don't believe it. They're not going to do it," and she was still insisting when the gas reached her eyes and throat; and a couple of boys, obvious newcomers to rebellion, wept in disbelief.

They couldn't believe the evidence of their senses. And in truth the terminal events, after those bucolic beginnings, seemed grotesquely unreal, something invented by Norman Mailer in one of his more outlandish fancies. Soon enough, the events will fade from memory. They will indeed "make" no difference. Nevertheless, they *are* the difference—between indifference, or acquiescence, whichever the form of assent by silence, and the grave and beautiful moral gesture which declares disaffiliation from the loathesome, obscene war. And while only the innocent or the very young can suppose that a demonstration "does" good, still—in circumstances where mere people cannot avail against governments and only symbolic actions are possible—such quixotic gestures and acts as those of the Oct. 21 march on the Pentagon are in and of themselves good.

SAUL MALOFF

(Saul Maloff's latest novel, Happy Families, *will be published next spring by Scribners.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Education up a Tree: the Plight of City College

City College (CCNY) has achieved a singular identity and has made both its presence and myth part of the permanent legacy of New York. From Bernard Baruch to Jonas Salk, from Upton Sinclair to Bernard Malamud, City has produced students whose contributions to our scientific, cultural, political and economic life have been substantial. However, anyone at all familiar with the college's past must view with anguish the spectacle of its current predicament. For the City College of New York is apparently intent on committing suicide, an endeavor in which it has received the encouragement, or at least the active indifference, of the hierarchy of the City University and the city government.

On Oct. 5, nine City students were arrested for blocking construction of one of the "temporary structures" being built on the campus to provide desperately needed office and classroom space. The students complained that they had not been adequately consulted on site locations, although they readily granted the college's need for the buildings. They objected to the destruction of the campus and literally sat in trees in order to prevent workmen from cutting them down. When reminded that a special student "shadow cabinet" had approved the building site last year, they answered that students serving in the "shadow cabinet" were unrepresentative.

If the issue were merely the location of the "temporary structures," I doubt that it would have caused the furor that one finds on the City campus today. Nor would members of the faculty feel sympathy for the students involved. An overwhelming majority of the faculty believe that the student protest was ill-conceived and poorly timed. But a substantial segment, especially younger teachers, concurs with the students that where the structures are placed is essentially symbolic, while the real issue remains the lack of a meaningful student and faculty voice in the governing and administration of the college. For they are beginning to recognize what the students have long since known, that City College today is perpetuating an administrative bureaucracy which, like most college and university administrations, has never had a clear idea of what it means by the word *education*. What has become increasingly evident to them is that the community of scholars, like the community of students, has been displaced by the community of administrators. For many faculty members, the moment of recognition came when the administration called the police on campus.

At the center of the current controversy is Buell Gallagher, who is certainly not the least attractive president of a large urban college. But President Gallagher, a liberal believer in compromise and in "reasoning together," unfortunately is an all-too-frequent victim of his own rhetoric. Excessively aware of his image and of the "proletarian Harvard" image that the college inherited from the '30s and '40s, he has been, on more than one occasion, guilty of red-baiting. Gallagher's position at the college was considerably weakened by his sudden departure in 1961 to serve as Chancellor of California's state college system and by his equally sudden return to City in 1962. Even this episode in his career is a source of friction within the City College community. If Gallagher was indeed the victim of California's rabid right, some claim that he could have fought the pressures brought upon him far more effectively than he did. In any case, the split in attitude toward Gallagher is obvious. Senior faculty who remember him from before his California sojourn still speak of him affectionately as "Buell." But younger teachers see him as a man who has lost touch with contemporary academic problems. Student activists see Gallagher as the living embodiment of a liberalism which, in the name of reason and sanity, perpetuates a hypocrisy that plagues them on every level of their lives.

President Gallagher's position is unenviable. Perhaps because of its location in the heart of Harlem, the college is now faced with competition for the brightest New York City high school students from Brooklyn, Hunter, Queens and the burgeoning state university system. The demands of the Graduate School at 42nd Street will probably make City's share of the municipal educational pie that much smaller. The physical plant is depressing. One can feel only sympathy for the president as he insists on the necessity for the pre-fabricated structures which are to be torn down if and when the permanent buildings promised by the city and state are finally erected. The building program is five to ten years behind schedule. The college's Master Plan of 1964 set February, 1966, as the completion date for the Science and Physical Education Building, although ground for the building has not even been broken and it is doubtful that the college can expect a new science building before 1971. The humanities faculty is so demoralized that it has simply stopped thinking about its promised new quarters. The college attempts to share in the SEEK program for underprivileged ghetto-dwellers with facilities that are drastically incapable of serving the needs of the existing college community. The president of the college's all-Negro Onyx Society charged that the student protest against site facilities was a "deliberate impediment to education that must be considered racism," a charge which, however nonsensical, is probably characteristic of the way in which many Negro students and Harlem residents view such moves. Meanwhile, the buildings are desperately needed. Faculty offices are inadequate or non-existent; dining facilities for both faculty and students are crowded and dingy; amenities which are taken for granted at other institutions are unknown at City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If these problems were peculiar to City alone, there would be ample reason for concern. But City is probably no more than a model in municipal college deterioration. Its needs are manifold, but they are no different from what the needs of other municipal institutions, both in New York and throughout urban America, will become in the next decade. At present its most vital need is for a functional, imaginative commitment which will embrace students, faculty, and the Harlem community, while relegating the administration to its proper place as servant of the college community. In some respects, the college now has an excellent opportunity to make its presence in Harlem an asset. If the college could command proper state and municipal support, and if a way could be found for the college to serve Harlem without destroying it, the whole community could utilize a dynamic intellectual tradition that goes back one hundred years. The deadly blandness of Queens College, the narrow parochialism of Hunter, the middle-class uniformity of Brooklyn, all tell why, despite its physical drawbacks, City College continues to attract New York's student poets and fledgling physicists. And despite the proliferating nonsense now being voiced about "black education" (as if education, like ice cream, came in colors), it is the kind of tradition students in the ghetto desperately need.

LEONARD KRIEGEL

(Leonard Kriegel is professor of English and American Civilization at City College of New York.)

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

LAY CONGRESS

THE TWO CHURCHES

Rome

There used to be an amateur hour on TV in which the winner was automatically determined by the highest score on an electronic applause meter. If such a system had been in force at the Third World Congress for the Lay Apostolate held here from October 11 to 15, democratization in the Church and an end to the traditional position on birth control would have won hands down. Every time any speaker urged reform in either area, the applause was immediate and thunderous. On these two points at least, majority sentiment clearly seemed to fall on the side of change.

This was not the case all the way down the line, however. At one point in the proceedings, for example, the American delegation was discussing a proposed message from the Lay Congress to the Bishops' Synod, asking action rather than talk on a variety of issues, including matters like parish and diocesan councils. The language was firm but respectful. Nonetheless, one American delegate protested vehemently at what he saw as criticism of the bishops, and he had considerable support among the delegates.

In a multitude of such small but significant ways the Lay Congress provided an illustration in miniature of what might be called the Osborne thesis. Some months ago American sociologist William Osborne described the tension between those committed to "ecclesiastical" reform and those committed to "religious" reform, a tension between ecclesiastical authority and the spontaneity of Christian life. As Osborne saw it, there are in a sense two churches: on the one hand, there is the church which is concerned with order, the preservation of structures, continuity of personnel, etc.; on the other hand there is the church of religious reform, concerned not with institutional or bureaucratic goals but with norms, values, behavior, honesty. Between these two "churches" there is a large and widening gap.

Nowhere could one find more striking proof of the Osborne hypothesis than at the just concluded World Lay Congress. Months before the Congress began, a significant dispute broke out over the method of selecting delegates, a dispute which was never completely resolved. U.S. preparations for the Congress were in the hands of the National Council of Catholic Men (NCCM), whose executive director, Martin Work, is a member of the Council on the Laity, and its feminine counterpart, the NCCW; these organizations handled the machinery for the selection of the thirty-four American delegates.

Critics of the NCCM and the NCCW were unhappy over the method employed for selecting delegates. Their complaints were not directed at Martin Work or any one person in particular, nor at this or that delegate chosen; they were rather based on the belief that only institutional voices would be heard in the United States delegation. Where, the critics asked, were those who would do more than represent the views of the Establishment? Where, asked *Ave Maria,* were the John Cogleys, the Philip Scharpers, the Eugene McCarthys?

The answer was quick in coming. Those charged with selecting the delegates would have welcomed any expression of interest from Messrs. Cogley, Scharper and McCarthy, Martin Work said, but in fact none had been forthcoming. The process followed in choosing delegates, he said, had been to solicit applications through the Catholic press from anyone interested in going. A screening committee then picked qualified people, with the further complication that the individual or sponsoring organization had to foot the travel bill. (In some other countries the bishops picked up the tab, with certain obvious advantages; the disadvantage, of course, is that the man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who pays the bill may want a puppet, not an independent delegate.)

In point of fact, defenders of the system argued, the process of selection employed may not have been ideal, but it did produce a group of delegates balanced between men and women, young people and adults, Negroes and whites, representatives of specialized groups, professions and labor people, etc. Further, it was noted, the men chosen included only three NCCM activists, hardly an indication that Martin Work had loaded the list with his own people. The head of the American delegation was the president of the NCCM, but American experts here included such people as Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker and Thomas Cornell of the Catholic Peace Fellowship. In any case, Mr. Work asked what constituted an "institutional Catholic," arguing that participation in an organized apostolate should certainly not bar one from consideration.

There the matter stood, with those on each side still unpersuaded, which is hardly surprising. The argument between the official or mandated group and the "unorganized," unofficial lay apostolate goes far back: in the old, pre-conciliar days their differences really constituted a division very much like that Osborne described. This is not to say, of course, that all the bad guys were on one side and the good guys on the other. But there have always been some who favored working through existing structures and "participating in the apostolate of the hierarchy," and others who favored a non-institutional apostolate. There were the two "churches" as far back as 25 or 30 years ago.

At the Vatican Council the Decree on the Lay Apostolate favored the first, more formal group, those who worked through more official channels; the Constitution on the Church, on the other hand, favored those who saw the apostolate as a matter of baptismal rather than hierarchical mandate. In one sense, then, the tension that existed between the two groups over the years was left unsettled by Vatican II, and this fact was reflected at the Lay Congress. What seemed to be a majority of the delegates came from the "official" or institutional apostolate, but a strong minority represented the unofficial element, either more or less unorganized or out of the newer groups, representing the rough equivalent of Osborne's church of religious reform.

If in one sense the Council left the matter open, though, in another sense the argument is really over. Certainly if the Council did anything, it struck down the notion that the hierarchy is the Church. In the Council the Church defined itself as the People of God, and great emphasis was placed on the proper role of the laity. Authority in the future is bound to be more communitarian and less monarchic in style; the Bishops' Synod is a good example of the beginning of this. From this fact there can be no retreat, and this inevitably means many changes, among them an end to the old heavy emphasis on official "Catholic Action" with a special mandate from the hierarchy.

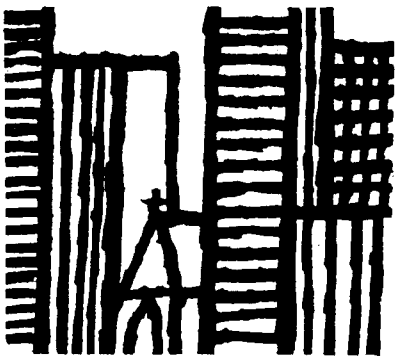
As everyone knows, however, the rate at which such changes take place in the Church is not uniform. Implementation of the Council takes place at different speeds in different parts of the world; indeed, it varies from diocese to diocese and from parish to parish. It is not strange if this fact of a differential rate of progress was faithfully reflected among the delegates to the Lay Congress.

It is not easy to generalize about a gathering of 2,500 people, but some national delegations were clearly more progressive than others, and inside every national delegation I had any contact with there was a wide variation in attitudes. Some delegates were traditional, old-line Catholic Action types interested in reforming but at the same time wanting to preserve traditional structures, men and women with whom most bishops would be quite comfortable. Others—probably the minority, as far as I could tell—were quite unconcerned with hierarchical mandates or even approval; they want drastic reform in the Church and they want it fast. This conservative-liberal division, I should emphasize, is not along lay-clerical lines. There are a number of priests here, as chaplains, observers and one thing or another, and the differences among them are at least as marked as those among the lay delegates. Indeed, very often the "radical" priest seems more of a rebel than his lay counterpart, if only because he usually knows more theology to be radical about. With such "progressive" types, lay and clerical, it would be a rare bishop who would feel at home, and this is an illustration of the situation we now face.

Somehow the church of ecclesiastical reform and the church of religious reform must come to see the good qualities in the other. One must see that dedication to institutions without thorough reform is useless; the other must grasp that reform which ignores the need for institutions will quickly wither. At the Lay Congress both elements were represented, but not much more than that can be claimed. They sat in the same delegations; they listened to the same talks, including those by astronaut James McDivitt and Protestant observers; they participated in the same workshops; they worshiped together. Often they even joined forces—to condemn the bombing of populated cities, for example, to favor extending a hand to Communist China, to urge governments to provide for selective conscientious objection, to ask the Pope to condemn racism. Often they sat together at one of the countless coffee bars in the neighborhood of the Vatican. But between the two groups there was some suspicion and certainly no real understanding. At best an uneasy truce prevailed, and perhaps at this date in history this is all that can be expected. But the task of the future is clear, for the next Lay Congress (if they don't go out of style) and for the Church as a whole: one way or another, the two "churches" must be brought together. It will not be easy, and a depressingly negative talk on authority by Pope Paul helped not at all.

JAMES O'GARA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CHURCH AND SECT

Should the Church be inclusive or exclusive?

DANIEL CALLAHAN

In more ways than one, the reform which has stirred the churches during recent years has reached an important juncture. Many fence-straddlers, half-liberal and half-conservative, are finding it difficult to keep their balance. As in politics, polarization is becoming the order of the day, with both a growing number of reactionaries and a growing number of radicals; the position harder and harder to maintain in the churches is that of "moderate liberal" or "progressive conservative." Many find they are being forced to choose sides, whether they like it or not: with those who feel that reform has gotten totally out of hand or with those who feel that nothing but a total earthquake will suffice. Where the Catholic liberal camp (sorry about that word) was once a fairly happy, unified group, important fissures and factions are now appearing. In part, the split takes a form parallel to that in American politics; it is old liberals pitted against young radicals. But in part it is the expression of a more basic human tendency: old liberals become disillusioned conservatives and young loyalists turn into wild revolutionaries.

There is nothing very odd about this kind of development. It is the usual fate of reform movements, both politically and ecclesiastically. But there is an aspect of the present reform movement which may be unique, and is surely becoming one major source of polarization. For perhaps the first time in their histories the major churches are being forced, even if they are not fully aware of it, to ask themselves a very critical question. Should they, in their theology and their polity, cease being churches and become sects?

I am using the word "churches" and "sects" here in their sociological sense, following the usage of Ernst Troeltsch and later sociologists who refined the distinction. Roughly speaking, a "church" is inclusive in its social structure, directed toward the conversion of the world, hierarchical in its structure and dogmatic in its theology, open to membership primarily by virtue of birth and, most importantly, prone to adjust and accommodate its values to those of the surrounding culture. By contrast, a "sect" is often exclusivist in its social structure, separatist in its attitude toward society, open to membership only by voluntary choice, uninterested in converting everyone else and egalitarian in its organizational structure. This distinction, needless to say, has been subjected to a thousand and one qualifications and quibbles; no one historical "church" or "sect" is likely to provide a pure example. Nonetheless, it remains a helpful analytic device, particularly in interpreting some things now happening in the "churches."

DANIEL CALLAHAN, *Executive Editor of Commonweal, is the author of several books, most recently,* The New Church *(Scribner's).*

The Problem with "Churches"

With this distinction in mind, let me suggest three reasons why the "churches" are now being driven to ask themselves whether they should become "sects." First, the churches are ineffective in generating social reform because they are over-accommodated to society; they are too much a part of society, too dependent upon it for money and prestige, to suddenly succeed in playing the role of critic and prophet. Second, they have been so all-inclusive in their membership and so heavily dominated by people whose commitment is more a matter of birth than choice, that they can hardly change their own people much less the world. Third, while they may in principle have fairly dogmatic theologies, in fact they are highly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

permissive about the way in which people actually live their daily lives, reserving their most rigid teachings for those areas which don't make much practical difference. With the exception of sexual matters (which is a separate problem), Catholicism is rigid on matters of high theology and exceedingly permissive and forgiving on issues of social morality—a combination which has had the delightful pragmatic value of keeping the Church as institution intact while allowing its members to live much like everyone else. It is fairly hard for the gates of hell to prevail against this kind of worldly-wise mixture, as many popes have undoubtedly realized.

Now just these kinds of liabilities have come to the surface as reform is pushed. They are the peculiar handicaps of "churches," the price they pay for their successful adaptation to society and inclusiveness of membership. Once "church" reformers begin to notice this, they are faced with some critical decisions. If you want a church which will speak forcefully to society, and not in a mealy-mouthed way, it is no help at all to have great masses of your fellow church members justifying, enjoying and lolling about in the evils of that society. If you want church members to begin taking their Christianity seriously, it is no help to have church authorities who are readily willing to forgive or overlook most sins (or merely require that people confess them from time to time). If you want to create a rich, fruitful Christian community, it is no help having large numbers of people who merely seek religious security, social acceptance and personal salvation. It is enough to make reformers wring their hands.

But since hand-wringing doesn't help much in a confrontation with the massive sluggishness of "churches," what else can be done? One very attractive option, and a persuasive one as the troubles of reform mount, is that of turning "church" into "sect." How can this be done? All one needs to do, for a start, is to stop baptizing infants, waiting until they can accept baptism themselves, and stop confirming children, waiting until they know what they are accepting. The next step is to make church membership a matter of voluntary choice, a choice not allowed until one is fully adult; to require of church members active participation, based on a full acceptance of everything the church stands for, especially on matters of social behavior; to demand that church members avoid entangling alliances with the fixed, main-line institutions of society. The final step is to make absolutely clear to everyone that the "church"—which will now have become a sect—has no connection whatever with anything which passes for popular, mass religion.

Historically, most sects began with a small group breaking off from a larger church, seeking a purer form of religion. What is suggestively different today is that very few, if any, in the churches are taking that route. The threat of a Gommar de Pauw to go into schism is only anachronistic, not threatening. Most reformers and reform movements today seem bent on remaining within the Church; they will not let themselves be thrown out willingly or go off in a huff to start their own separatist movement.

But what many are doing as an alternative is making the kinds of proposals (of the type listed above) which would in effect transform "church" into "sect." They use a "diaspora" theory to justify the idea of the Church growing smaller and giving up its ambitions to convert the whole world; one strand or another of personalist theory to justify the notion of a small, tight, loving community, heavily endowed with I-thou encounters; some variety of existentialism to legitimate the requirement of personal, adult choice as a condition for full church membership; and what I will call a John McKenzie-biblical theology to justify an inherent suspicion of the princes and powers of secular society.

An outcome of this theological mix is the mushrooming of underground and extra-parochial communities, one of whose purposes is to provide models of what the whole church of the future might be like. And they are providing some very exciting models, besides providing a large number of people an escape valve for their pent-up reform zeal. The vital thing to note, however, is that the model they tend to provide is closer to that of sect than of church. They are small, and usually want to remain so, socially cohesive, prone to share a consensus on most political issues, wary of accepting or attracting those who stand somewhere else in the theological or political spectrum, and more likely to be ascetic than sybaritic in their style of life. Taken together, just these qualities attract those fed up with the established church life and manner. They are, if you will, sects within the Church, but intent on remaining in the Church in order to provide patterns for the future—a sect-like pattern, it turns out.

Yet if "churches" have some built-in liabilities, so do "sects." Because they are not part of the reigning social power structure, they forfeit much of their chance to make a major difference in society. Because they are close-knit, politically and theologically, there will be less room for sharp dissent and a wide range of viewpoints. Sects can sometimes stifle dissent more effectively than churches. Because they are likely to be demanding of their members, there will be few places for the lukewarm and the lazy. They are likely, in other words, to suffer from elitism, narrowness (though their professed goals may be very radical) and social isolation. Where a church, both to its advantage *and* disadvantage, may be universal by making room for all and adapting to everything, a sect may be parochial by making room for only a few and adapting itself to very little—and that is to its advantage *and* disadvantage.

Leaving aside baser interpretations, it is possible to see "church" authorities as acting the way they usually do on issues of social morality—hesitantly, vaguely, timidly—out of a desire to see that a church does not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become a sect. When radicals ask authority to move rapidly and decisively they are, in one sense, asking authority to stand up against the masses and thus run the risk of losing those masses in the process. One significant result of attempts to have a socially "relevant" Catholic Church, we should now be able to see, is to alienate, perhaps permanently, a large number of people (ask Father Groppi).

As the bishops in the Catholic Church and the dignitaries in the major Protestant Churches no doubt realize, a full reform of Christianity could quickly empty the churches. This might be all to the good. Christianity of the church variety has been mainly a fraudulent, useless business anyway (to talk sect talk). But if you empty the churches, then of course you won't have many people left whom you can change, educate and gradually bring around to a better version of Christianity; and there would be a loss in that. Anyone who has talked with sensitive priests and ministers knows how many of them struggle with this dilemma. If they don't tell their congregations the full, hard, undiluted truth, they feel they will be selling out. But if they do tell the whole truth, they feel they may lose along the way many who might in time be brought to the whole truth. I might add here that many people who are actually moving toward a sect conception of the Christian community are often uncomfortable about their course—at least many of those I have met. They see the dilemma they are in and the dilemma the whole Church is in as it tries to take reform seriously.

Is there any way out? Must the "churches" become more like "sects" if they are to be seriously Christian in the future? Much depends upon what one takes the Church to be, in the theological rather than sociological sense. If one thinks of the Church as a community of those who see most of the truth and are willing to go the whole way in living up to its demands, then the result is likely to be a sect, sociologically speaking. If, in contrast, one sees the Church as made up of sinners and saints, believers and doubters, heroes and cowards—everyone, that is, who would at least like to be something better than he is—then the result is likely to be, sociologically, a church.

To say that, however, is not to say anything very helpful. The trouble is that most present creative theologies of the Church are devilishly ambivalent on what the Church (theologically) is. In their ecumenical moments, they want to define the boundaries of the Church as loosely as possible. As they confront the widespread fact of atheism and agnosticism, they want to make as much room as possible for the doubters and the perplexed. As they try to take account of the findings of sociology and psychoanalysis, they want to be as permissive as possible toward sinners and obstructionists. All of these theological trends point in the direction of a Church which would be more "church" than "sect," open to all and tolerant of all. Simultaneously, though, other theological trends are at work. The Church should be prophetic, not just an echo of popular mores. The Church should be eschatological, not just a dead lump floating along with the currents of historical time. The Church should run whatever institutional risk necessary rather than betray its own values—truth, love, justice. These trends, of course, point in the direction of a sect, not so open and not so permissive.

The point is: are these equally important, equally valid theological trends compatible? I think they are, but it surely takes some quick theological footwork to make them dovetail. A parallel dualism presents itself in recent Christian ethics: there is a strong movement toward situation ethics in the realm of personal life which runs side by side with a movement toward greater rigor and firmer principles in the realm of social life. It is not easy to make that dualistic thrust dovetail either. So far as the theological question of the Church goes, what is open is the possibility of pushing both trends as far as they can be pushed, learning how, in the process, at once to live with a theology of the Church which is simultaneously exclusive and inclusive, church-like and sect-like, prophetic and accommodating.

Dual Memberships

Since that last sentence has the unmistakably blurred sound of fancy footwork, let me explain. One way out of the church-sect dilemma would be to encourage dual memberships, in the broader church and in the smaller sects within the Church. Thus every person in the Church would also belong to a smaller, more intimate group. In these smaller groups, he could be as fanatical, exclusive and messianic as he pleased—in fact, he would see one function of his small group (his sect) as that of constantly challenging and pressing the larger, more inclusive Church. At the same time, however, he would recognize the duty of the Church, as Church, to tolerate a great variety of sects, even to foster and encourage them. From time to time, the different sects would have to come together, to argue with each other, to listen to each other, to provide individuals with the opportunity of choosing a different sect. There would have to be some authority vested in the Church, if only to make certain that the different sects didn't kill each other and Christianity.

The main positive role of this authority would be to set general ground rules—primarily procedural criteria—for the sects. To help insure that this authority would not seek to dominate the sects, the authorities (call them "Bishops") would be people elected from the sects themselves on the basis of some kind of proportional representation and guided by a bill of rights. From time to time this authority would be empowered to make doctrinal pronouncements: to say what the Church stands for and where it is trying to go (a "Pope" could articulate the positions). But these pronouncements would rarely declare doctrinal heresies, particularly of a kind designed to exclude maverick individuals and sects. Their intent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would only be to state in a very general way what the Church believes, leaving it wholly to individuals and sects to decide whether they should withdraw from the Church.

This kind of a solution would have a variety of advantages. It would allow a large number of people to be part of the Church; each person could seek out that sect which he found most congenial. It would help considerably in lessening the power of a central authority to determine orthodoxy and doctrine for the whole Church. It would provide an inherent source of creative tension in the Church, as the sects struggled with each other and with the inclusive Church. It would do away for good with the idea of heresy, or at any rate with a legalistic bias that every heresy should have a penalty attached to it.

But there are drawbacks as well in this scheme. If the central authority was representative of a wide range of sects, from right to left, its voice to the world would probably be muddy; whatever was said would have to represent a consensus (and you know what that means). So, too, the very freedom to form and join a great range of sects would probably mean that some sects would say crazy things and act in abominable ways. Under my proposed system, one couldn't say that they weren't "really Christian" or expel them from the Church. Their presence would just have to be suffered. But, hopefully, their presence would be balanced by other sects doing glorious things.

Naturally, I am doing nothing more than playing with possibilities here. But if we do not play with the possibilities, the developing church-sect struggle is going to get worse. Historically, it has been a source of the worst kinds of nasty, fruitless disputes. This time around we may have a better chance, if only because most people recognize the futility of running off to found a new home for the elect. We also have a better chance because, whatever authority may think, the sects now being formed within the Church intend to be of service to the whole Church. That is not a bad basis on which to build.

Growing-up absurd

THE EDUCATION OF WOMBATS

PAUL WEST

"What they do, these kids," the young nervous, intense, French-Jewish professor told me at the highly-esteemed university I was visiting, "is suck you dry and move on; they vanish." True enough, he offered himself at all hours—in the office, at home, over food and while walking—for consumption, shelving and forgetting the books he might have written to make him eminent and win him a sinecure, a man in helpless constructive love with the young who use and abandon him and sometimes send him a note when they marry.

Another man was much older; amiably stern. I shared his office. One day, after lecturing, I was lounging in the office with my feet on the desk, simply being there in case a student dropped by (a casual and, I think, fruitful habit I got into on another campus, the one I'm usually at). In he came to collect a book; out he went, astonished that I —after waiting the ten statutory minutes after class—had not escaped like everyone else to home and research. I kept on hanging around for a semester and I had a good many unstatutory talks with students who got into the habit of finding me there.

Between these extremes—ardent self-expenditure and an almost mandarin aloofness—all kinds of useful and useless academic relationships grow and die by appointment or accident. The only principle, a pure thing and my own, is that a student should somehow be sent out inimical: we should unfit him for society and send him out still docile (teachable, that is). He is supposed to resist and learn simultaneously; but, usually, I guess, he settles for one mess of pottage or another, emerging now and then to promote brotherhood and togetherness by entering, as moose or lions or elks, into the junior or senior chamber of wombats: living Americans in the captive act of living American, with the rest of the world aching to copy. I am thinking of one student, a graduate assistant in our own department, who resigned and then circulated his *ave atque vale* to all and sundry. It reads badly; it is an overlong and turgid shout, but it shows both sense and fight and it speaks, I suspect, for some of his contemporaries who stayed on.

"When," the letter begins, "I began my short-lived career as a teacher of English I used several criteria to measure both my role as a teacher within the University structure and the role of education within society." Earnest and a bit hackneyed, this is nonetheless an improvement on the research graduate's habitual professional tact. "Yet my students, products of American society," the egregious young man goes on, "were not receptive to ideas other than those which America had taught them to accept."

PAUL WEST, *an Englishman presently teaching at Pennsylvania State University, is the author of* Alley Jaggers *(Harper & Row).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And he swings then a slow punch at the vast jaw of the military-industrial monolith: "I imagined I could help students to recognize and live by basic human values—love, sincerity, responsibility—without which no person can presume to call himself a man. The society from which most students come has so effectively destroyed or submerged the ability of people to relate in human terms that it now seems useless to attempt to reconstruct any semblance of humanness from the shattered youth of this nation in the classroom. There is much truth to what W. D. Snodgrass wrote in *Heart's Needle*: 'Whom equal weakness binds together / none shall separate.' I must seek ways to separate the now weak, clutching human products of an inhumane America from each other and bring them together in a community based on love, not neurotic need."

Useless to attempt it? I hope not, but I agree that what goes on in the classroom ought not to be a grade-guaranteeing catechumen. Those "basic human values" —argued for so eloquently by writers as different as Camus, Faulkner, Greene, Pasternak and Silone—don't belong just in right-sounding essays that win A's perhaps and molder in the graduate's portfolio. They belong in lives.

Only too often, though, a student's mind is split between what he does in (and for) class and what he does outside. The other day I was told how a colleague suddenly extended his discussion of a novel into some scrutiny of his own life, of the lives of his contemporaries, of life as it might be for several sorts and conditions of men. For one student (she who told me the story) it was an illuminating and moving experience; but the rest of the class resented the instructor's (as they saw it) getting off the point, his fogging of material on which they would be examined, his unacademic invasion of what they must have thought the impersonality or neutrality of literature. Saddened to hear this, I wasn't much surprised; I well know the student who, impatient with style and all that saliva, insists on having a novel's or play's "meaning" spelled out for him, and quickly, so that he can go away and concentrate on such (to him) "real" subjects as math and biology.

Backhandedly, in dismissing culture for cramming, he has a point: literature *isn't* a subject. We shouldn't ask a student hundreds of objective questions such as "Who is Shylock's daughter?" That's as futile as asking him to turn out his pockets. That he can or can't be bothered to get the facts right will show in his term-papers whereas the so-called objective test reveals nothing of any student's taste, brains or humanity. I would rather obligate myself to read 30 misinformed essays, only one of which was not misinformed, than deny one student the chance to show what he is spiritually made of. In fact, even the misinformed student sometimes shows aptitudes and responsiveness that can be developed further, nurtured and groomed. He probably doesn't intend to be a scholar anyway. Let us correct him if we can, but let us also probe him and flex his mind: equip him, I mean, with a privacy.

These students—these Sub-Subs, almost but not quite the lowest of the low—have never, anywhere along the line of extrovert aggressiveness and extrovert confessional, known or shared in a tradition of private talk, a tradition conceding nothing to the mob, the clique, the lobbyist, but founded on some private operation of the spirit. I can't help feeling that now, in America, no one believes he has been helped unless hundreds of others have seen it done in public; and what can't be done in public I suppose isn't worth having: sneaky, underhand, unpopular. The intimate rigor, the thinking aloud over sherry, the long collaborative silences between tutor and pupil—these boons of the older, more despotic system under which I got my own education—have nothing in common with the mood of sit-in, love-in, be-in. Why, who in America uses that old-fashioned word, *pupil*? Which student (to take the word's literal sense) would think himself a "ward" or a "minor"?

The Private Voice

What has happened is that the student in the third third of our century shrinks from the loneliness and subordinateness that are part and parcel of any learning process. He has not been brought up to believe in the private voice, not even in that of a dead author in a great book. It is no use his blaming the multiversity, for the multiversity is really what he wants: an earnest of his importance as an item rather than a defeat of himself as an individual. He, the egg, sees the hen of the multiversity as the means of perpetuating himself. And he and his contemporaries take a perverse delight in their crowded conditions, deciding not to make the best of a bad job but deciding here and now that they are the new masses of Gray Power, impotent but talking big, closer to Billy Graham than to Socrates, and the finest flower of a polity that increasingly replaces Sub-Subs with hubbub. Soon, then, no one will be subordinate to anyone, and no one will know anybody's name. Dreaming of Dreyfus or the second coming of McCarthy, the students hurt for a Cause to embrace and end up combining against their basic loneliness.

The blame rests with not so much the good life according to Mammon as the *best* life according to Mammon; in a word, with ostentation. It is hard, isn't it, to parade an education whose main virtue has been a flexing and refining of the spirit toward what one of Kingsley Amis' characters calls (in cynically dismissing the possibility of it) "instinctive wisdom and natural good manners and unself-conscious grace and a deep, articulate understanding of death." I myself prefer wisdom gathered and good manners learned, but the remainder can stand; and none of it is impossible, even in the herd; none of it is quite irrelevant yet to the business of wholesale education.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In weak, wishful, half-inebriated moments, I like to think that students take away from our several years' chew at literature good and bad the source of some inner strength, their sensibilities toughened, their convictions tempered; but I wonder how much really survives and how long. I wonder about America, land of unprivacy where privacy is a negative not a positive cult, and I study the signs of the extroverted heart among the young, and I see something very much like hysteria moving into despair, despair generating a new apathy that remains the same whether you call it alienation, funk, blues, cafard, accidie or neo-Jansenism. Whimpers or stern jussives imprinted on buttons have their counterparts in the strummed honesties of folkrock and such rueful self-rebukes as "Turn the Electric Blanket up to Mother." In many ways this generation of students is one denied experience: un-

bombed, uninvaded, unstarved, unstunted, they see even the most ancient of national injustices being remedied by a civil rights program with real teeth in it. Cancer or cardiac, bereavement or accident, lie in wait for them; Vietnam may call for them; but, for the rest, it is all going to be crowdedly comfortable, something they can predict from the donning of the first gray flannel suit which turns out to be, only just occasionally, a gray flannel hair shirt.

Worst of all, they feel that, at best, by demonstrating and marching and sitting-in, they can affect only the style or rhetoric of foreign policy and national management—and the best of them want to know why their minds have to be trained when what they say or do is unlikely to modify the conduct of power. Global politics, they see, derives from greed and megalomania (damn it, they have studied these things for years); and a consensus of young, intelligent heads can address itself to Peking, Washington and Moscow, or to Streets called Wall, Main and Carnaby, with in either case only helpless impunity. Even the daily blood-reel from Vietnam is just another TV show, while the standard war- and space-games have no more significance for them than have the British soccer scores.

No wonder, then, these punchy, lost, young academicians respect Mind mindlessly (much as they respect Paul Revere) and retreat into some soothing, blue or borrowed cult, only too glad to contemplate a mural photograph of a soup-can (the classical navel of a flabby culture) or the few facial twitches of an otherwise static "super-star" diligently filmed for half an hour; only too glad to let the hair grow and grow in its quiet, opinionless, capillary way; only too glad to float out on pot or some suaver hallucinogen, to lose themselves in the furry simplisms of *The Lord of the Rings* or *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, or banally sincere poems muttered against jazz; only too glad to acquiesce in the mental pratfalls of Camp that prefigure, perhaps, the pratfall of our species; to heed, and glad, all mindless proponents of any half-baked good because the proponents of evil are mentally half-baked as well; to feel with Marshall McLuhan and Federico Fellini because both are too far out to be refuted; to lap up the nourishing nihilisms of black comedy; to efface the self in an always slandered *satori*; to turn on or off as eunuch singers and their sisters intone the polyphonies of being jilted; to use music (or sound) against thought, to want a twin not a lover, to be in both senses unaffected, to dwindle back into the life-process while seeking a luke-warm moment here and there, not burning with a hard gem-like flame but going out with a soft, bum-like claim on nothing at all, professing frankly to want nothing but the lowest quality of their moments as they pass and simply for no person's, but the moment's sake. . . .

They grow up absurd, so they find growing-up absurd. They want to be inspired, so they almost forget to breathe. They need to know, tell them who dare, that the hippy or opt-out scene—that paradise won, lost, regained, screwed-up and sold out, to which even conventional-minded students lean—is not the newest version of Hemingway lost with his own generation in a coldwater apartment in Paris, or of Orwell down and out almost everywhere south of Wigan, or of Mao in his cave or Tertz in the labor-camp or Pound in the cage at Pisa. The Scene is too delectable and parasitic to count as rebellion; and to join it, in mind or body, is to renew one's allegiance to a society whose rebels depend upon the very prosperity they disdain, whose penury is easy, whose ways as "folk" are weirdly suburban, whose policy is wholly unpolitical. Shakespeare's Miranda herself, weary of three-button suits and bouffant hair, might marvel again at this brave new world of ponchos, Manchu moustaches, sandals and bare feet, wearers of bells and beads. In this bravura new world of ours the rebel entertains.

In contrast, perhaps because I am given to a European grimness, I think of how the loneliness of being a student anticipates the ultimate lonelinesses of pain and dying, guilt and failure. These are the things—some of the things, anyway—for which we are educating the young. It will be well if they can count on some intimate, fortifying human communion somewhere along their way, but it will be better if they can minister to themselves through an exercise of the mind in all its privacy. A man's identity is all he has, and it is too precious to be lost through torpor or manic gregariousness. It is, as any teacher knows as he surveys his audience, the thing most *ob* (con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trary to) the *scene;* it is also, as our own century has taught us, the obscenest thing of all to the totalitarian.

So the teacher finds his job—as I have found it at home and abroad, both port and starboard, alien in two places, at home in both—is to function in the scene on behalf of the *ob*. And to do that while the teaching business gets more and more impersonal is going to be a ferocious expense of spirit. To keep teaching from degenerating into a one-way song to which the only possible responses are heckling or mass demonstration will tax us on both sides of the lectern. We shall somehow have to be private in public, with the privacy of one tempting the privacy of all those others who (one hopes) want to know themselves and have selves to know. It takes *two* to know *one,* and that disproportion makes both imperative and more distant the time "When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk . . . When a university course convinces as a slumbering woman and child convince."

The young, voracious for the most recent novels and movies, are searching for themselves in those millions of words and miles of celluloid; and they have to be helped —indeed, sponsored—in that search, whatever the hindrances, whatever the outcome. More than any student generation I have heard about, they feel they owe nothing to history or society. After all, with their own few decades already offending and glutting and marooning them, why should they? What they owe they owe to themselves, not communally but privately and inwardly—for that is where the flavor is.

As for, say, Troy and Achilles' wrath, just as for, say, the Great Society and the Cost of Living Index—time past and time contained—let Whitman again be heard, first for credo, then in warning: "I loaf and invite my soul," which is worlds away from apathy and the best privilege of being private. Now, as he himself asked, meaning the public as well as the past, cross out please those immensely overpaid accounts. Back to gab and loitering, arts fine and useful too.

The new book by the author of the controversial, best-selling *Honest to God*

EXPLORATION INTO GOD

by

John A. T. Robinson

BISHOP OF WOOLWICH

$4.95

Stanford University Press

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal Arts and Science.

WRITE:

REGISTRAR, CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19118

FLOW GENTLY SWEET LIFFEY

THE SCREEN

In their ardent search for material, movie makers have come up this week with three films all stemming from books unlikely as a source for pictures. Joyceophiles would probably be repelled at anyone's visualizing *Finnegans Wake* for them, but since each reader seems to interpret the famous Joyce book for himself, and there are apparently as many interpretations as readers, let's say that the movie, "Passages from Finnegans Wake," is producer-director Mary Ellen Bute's interpretation. And a fascinating, vastly entertaining film it is.

Obviously Joyce's complicated, 628-page book (with its story of H. C. Earwicker and his family and the whole history of mankind intertwined with religion, literature, psychology, current songs and slang and everything else) cannot be condensed into a 94-minute movie. But the script and screen treatment by Miss Bute and Mary Manning, stemming from the Manning stage play and, of course, Joyce, have caught well the feel of the novel. The "Passages" of the film's title, however, must be kept in mind as the picture skims along and the good Irish and American cast wend their way through dream sequences, imaginative and realistic, historical episodes, theatrical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scenes and excursions into fantasy. Ted Nemeth's black-and-white photography, especially of the Dublin backgrounds, is lovely and fits beautifully, as does Elliot Kaplan's score, with its mixture of liturgical music and pop songs, into this world of the subconscious.

Even more important than the visuals in this handsome and often amusing film, however, is the musical flow of Joyce's language. You may not always understand it, with its stream of made-up words, foreign words, and elaborate puns; it is often pure poetry that is a delight to hear. It so happens I saw "Passages from Finnegans Wake" twice, the first time several years ago when I was spellbound by the imagery and the cast's fine reading of Joyce's prose-poetry. Recently I saw it again; and now sub-titles have been added to the film, sub-titles which consist of Joyce's printed words for us to read as we hear them spoken. I must say understanding is greater with the use of sub-titles, especially with the tricky puns and devised language; but the sub-titles distract from the pictures, and at times we concentrate so hard on Joyce's word construction we miss the picture. I'm not sure which is better: with or without the titles. Perhaps the answer is to see the film twice, reading all the titles the first time, then reveling in the visuals next time round. In any case, don't miss this extraordinary film. And then *you* can play the H. C. Earwicker game. Is he Everyman? ("Here Comes Everybody") Or is he Adam? ("Haveth Childers Everywhere") Or is he just plain fun, like so much of the movie? ("Hiding Cookies Endlessly")

Readers of Julian Gloag's strange modern-Gothic novel, *Our Mother's House,* would probably never believe that a movie could be made from it—and certainly would not have expected such a good movie as producer-director Jack Clayton made. Its story is about seven fatherless children in London who bury their dead mother in the garden so no one will know of her death and they won't be sent to an orphanage. What happens to these Hook kids, as they fend for themselves in this large gloomy house and add lie to lie in accounting for their missing mother, will keep you on the edge of your chair. Even though you cannot quite believe the macabre tale as the Hook young uns go about their daily tasks—school, housekeeping *and* seances with mother—during which one of the girls acts as a sibyl interpreting mother's wishes—the picture has a spellbinding and almost convincing quality, thanks mainly to Clayton's first-rate direction of the seven kids. The Hook children, all quite different, are by no means angels; in fact there is just enough of sophisticated deviltry about some of them to suggest *The Turn of the Screw* (which Clayton made into "The Innocents") or "High Wind in Jamaica" or "The Lord of the Flies."

Then one day at the Hook House, *Mr.* Hook, who's been missing these many years, turns up. Effectively played by Dirk Bogarde with a mixture of playful charm that delights the children, who come to love him, and a sinister meanness that eventually leads to their hating him when he tells them the truth about their mother, Mr. Hook at least succeeds in forcing the children to face reality. Bogarde's performance as an adult version of good and bad in the human make-up is excellent. Also good is the film's superb color photography of "Our Mother's House." No doubt, however, biggest round of applause should go to Jack Clayton for his portrait of seven darlings who will make your blood run cold.

That every novel, no matter how well written, is not grist for the movie mill becomes apparent again in the finished picture of "Reflections in a Golden Eye." Carson McCullers' stark novel, about a murder and the steps that led up to it in an army post in peacetime Georgia, concentrated on a strange group of people whose erotic and perverse behavior was all part of the tragic finale. In the movie, well enough directed by John Huston, these characters when visualized and displayed in their baseness become more like illustrations in a psychology book than human beings. The fault is not that of the cast, although Brian Keith is the only one in this distinguished group whose acting merits high praise. Julie Harris, Marlon Brando, Elizabeth Taylor, and several others go through their paces fairly well. Perhaps if "Golden Eye" were going to be made at all, it should have been greatly enlarged, with much more explanation and background written in. Or perhaps this McCullers novel should just have been left on the written page. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

LUCEY IN THE SKY

MEDIA

The interesting thing about television, like religion, is that it exists at all. That must be proof of something. But ask what that something is, and the screen blows and sneezes snow, has a coughing fit or just goes blank. The creators of "Channel One," where you can now watch "underground television" over closed circuit, may know more than we do, but if they do they're not letting it get out. At any rate, the "viewing room"—I suppose you'd call it—at "Channel One" seems specifically designed to keep open all possibilities. Behind the stage a large mock-up of a test pattern presents a symbolic eye. Near the ceiling are the television sets (monitors?), left, right and front, suspended over a whitish pool of rock crystal. The latter give off a muted shimmer, suggesting distance, vast space, a remoteness more subtle than mere air waves. The necks of the audience crane intently, the small lighted screens beam down, glowing pleasantly. After awhile the occasional laughter one hears in the room, the odd rustling noises of breathing bodies, have a canned quality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All that has been left behind. Much more than in any darkened theater, the audience has been disembodied. The uptown houses may explode religiously into total theater, the art films salami ever keener definitions of reality, but "Channel One" in its East Village digs seems to offer nothing less than communication itself. Or at least the illusion of it. "Lucy in the sky with diamonds, a girl with kaleidoscope eyes." Just plug her in.

Of course, this is mere speculation of what the total tribal response might be like. But the reality is pretty effective in its own right. The most striking thing about "Channel One" is that the real performers, and in fact the stars, are the monitors themselves, smooth, buttonless, wireless, personless, but flowing gently from scene to scene like a trio of Joycean streams. This is notwithstanding some engagingly funny spoofs of network television, which form the evening's entertainment. Incidentally, the production, for which Kenneth Shapiro is mainly responsible ("Channel One" is also his brainchild), is an excellent demonstration of what could easily be a standard of sophistication for television. There is nothing underground, avant-garde, or supremely creative about it. It is simply television that doesn't repel.

But with this said, what about theater television? For the sad truth is that after you've seen Mr. Science fumble with battery acid in the lab, the Kramp TV Kitchen decompose to basic ingredients of flour and water, and for a visit to the cultural watering holes of educational TV, a pretentious reading of "The Hollow Men" punctuated by bird droppings, you might as well be back home with the canned drip of the leaky faucet. Back home and on your own, it might be added. For that seemingly, if the media theorists and compulsive TV watchers are right, is the main appeal of television, i.e., that the low picture definition permits the viewer to give a good deal of reign to his own imagination, and thereby contribute creatively to his own entertainment. If that sounds indecent, it's just that you've probably got a linear mind. The result, anyway, is a sort of partial self-communion, self-hypnosis, some would wrongly say. In any case, there is no reason why this phenomenon should not carry over to theater television as well. Television can hardly hold any surprises for us at this point. Yet "Channel One" has been going for three months, and when it changes its program in a month or so, one suspects it will draw many of its viewers back for a second time.

The only conclusion to draw is that there is a demand for good television, aside from movies and plays, which people will troop out to a theater and pay to see. But what is "good television" if in actuality the low definition is all that counts? The stuff we get from the networks is not good, but it offers a fair picture of what television material is, good or bad. Much of this material is shaped by the fact that television is basically a communications medium, with the communication serving double duty as entertainment. Thus the typical television formats, from guest interview shows, children's hours, the weather, commercials, what have you, to the short fiction style of the drama, all have their counterparts in newspapers and magazines. The particular truth of this communication, as of life itself, is arrived at by relentless exposure, day in and day out, week after week. It is the flow that matters, not any one show or program. "Channel One" makes this point rather well in one of its satires, which shows the underground/love generation as it might appear in a regular, continuing TV format. A hippie Merv Griffin reads letters from viewers, passes on psychedelicacies, chats with guest performers, and so forth. The result is fairly convincing, despite the satire. Dropped into that endless, repetitious flow, all illusion is eroded, and what we have left is merely the fuzzy outline, the essence of the thing. Upon this the viewer "creates."

Now "Channel One" has embarked on an experiment that would change all this. There is no doubt it can provide better programs, and that these programs, if more television theaters open around the country, have potentially larger audiences than any single shot on the network could provide. The relatively inexpensive kineoscope process will also probably attract artists stymied by the high production costs of movies and plays. And the Armageddon of the message will have begun. But in the meantime the small screen happily glows on, oblivious to the change, retaining that unobtrusive quality that lets a man relax into himself. At "Channel One" he will not be annoyed by banality, or feel twinges of guilt over time wasted. That's all changed, and yet nothing has changed at all.

PAUL VELDE

(Paul Velde, who will write here periodically on cultural trends, is a former assistant editor of this magazine. He writes on the new media for The Nation, The Village Voice, The Realist *and other magazines.)*

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

SR. MARY ELLEN, S.S.N.D.

RECALL

Rocks lingered in the brown Potomac like
old men in the local pub, while black weeds
strangled a star on the mountainside. Shacked
against the hills, each town neoned its life
(or something like that) back to a purple
moon. Between cliffs of waterfalls the train,
like a crab tentacled to the sun, muttered
its way around my thoughts and into West
Virginia. Sometimes fear would catch in me
like a breath I skipped, until a tree, chalked
by the night, would stagger toward my sleepiness
where stars, brown rocks, and purple mountains swam.

There I found West Virginia, a tall man
who arched me a swing in a berry tree.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We don't ransom captives.

Our specialized work is to be unspecialized. We go where the people need us—in the inner city, in the mountains of Guatemala, on the campuses of secular universities. Some of us help produce our magazines, *U. S. Catholic* and *Today*. We're young enough to be unfettered by commitments to the past, small enough to respond quickly to new challenges. (Founded in 1849, our congregation of priests, students and brothers has only 6,000 members throughout the world.) If you'd like to help set people free our way, you ought to talk to our vocations director, Father Lawrence Hoge. Phone him collect at (312) 236-7782 today.

The Claretians

221 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You should laugh so long!

TALES FROM THE BAGEL LANCERS

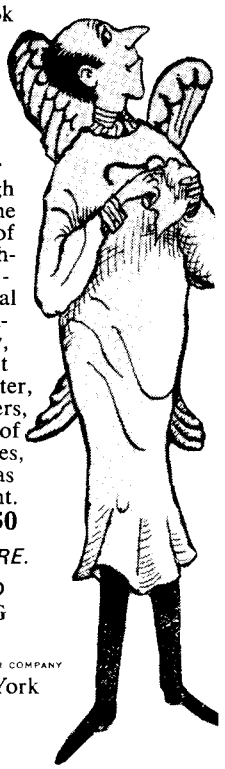
Everyman's Book of Jewish Humor
By Gerry Blumenfeld
Introduction by Bill Adler
Illustrations by Kelly Oechsli

Here is a delightful collection of 300 Jewish jokes by the author of the best-selling book *Some of My Best Jokes are Jewish*. "One of the funniest books of the year." – **Detroit *News.*** "Fine collection of Jewish jokes that goes a long way toward defining a sense of humor that continually pokes reality in the eye." – **United Press International News Features.** "A kicky book for both Jew and gentile . . . " – **Sacramento, California *Union.*** **$3.50**

CRACKS IN THE STEEPLE

Everyman's Book of Catholic Humor
By Gerry Blumenfeld
Foreword by Robert F. Kennedy
Illustrations by Kelly Oechsli

Another wonderful collection of mirth – this time of Catholic humor – containing more than 300 jokes and anecdotes. The inspiration for the book came from a Catholic friend, who after reading the author's first book of Jewish humor, remarked that Catholics, too, have a sense of humor and know how to laugh at themselves. With the gracious cooperation of Richard Cardinal Cushing, Sister Mary Immaculate of the National Catholic Theatre Conference, Bing Crosby, Ed Sullivan, Chet Huntley, Art Linkletter, Earl Wilson and others, who furnished some of their own favorite stories, Gerry Blumenfeld has proven her friend right.
$3.50



AT YOUR BOOKSTORE.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

BOOKS

The Suez adventure after eleven years

No End of a Lesson
ANTHONY NUTTING
Potter, $5

Suez
HUGH THOMAS
Harper & Row, $5.95

GABRIEL GERSH

For a minor war, the Suez expedition in 1956 has released a copious flow of literature. It was insignificant compared to the Cuban crisis in 1962 or even the Russian suppression of the Hungarian revolt in 1956. It was an oddly old-fashioned affair, with the British trying to protect their lifeline against any foreign encroachments, as they did in the last century. Prime Minister Eden, with his vivid memory of the dangers of appeasing Hitler in the 1930's, recognized a new Hitler in the person of Nasser. France, England's ally in the Suez venture, had provocation enough, since Nasser was aiding the Algerian rebels. Yet the French, like the British, misjudged the situation and brought unnecessary humiliation on themselves.

It is an episode which the British would like to forget and probably would have done so had it not been for the revival of 1956 passions caused by the recent Middle East war. Nasser once again has appeared as the Arab Hitler (or at least Mussolini), and we ask ourselves whether Eden was not perhaps right after all. This time Nasser was stopped. But would it not have been wiser to stop him in 1956? Then would we not have had a stable Middle East and a Suez Canal in which all ships, including those of Israel, would have freedom of transit?

One who certainly does not think so is Anthony Nutting, who resigned as Minister of State at the Foreign Office during the Suez adventure because he regarded the British resort to force as unnecessary and tragic, and because he was appalled by the fiction that the British-French expedition would separate the combatants. Mr. Nutting gives vent to his feelings in *No End of a Lesson*, a title aptly borrowed from Kipling, who was writing about the Boer War.

Mr. Nutting's version of the Suez story contains few surprises. He establishes with certainty Anglo-French collusion with the Israeli attack on Egypt. He presents a picture of Eden conducting his foreign policy free from serious challenge in the press or parliament but facing nervous tension all the same through the attacks of critics. Mr. Nutting suggests that it was not the Egyptian nationalization of the Suez Canal that launched Eden on a policy of toughness but an event nearly five months earlier—King Hussein's dismissal of General Glubb as head of the Jordan Army. Eden was convinced that this was all the result of Nasser's scheming.

The major merit of this book is that it underlines the tragic consequences of Suez. Apart from incurring international ill will and widening political differences in Britain, Eden's policy enabled Israel to launch its Sinai attack—an attack which it almost certainly would not have undertaken otherwise; it resulted in a makeshift peace, now shattered; and perhaps, more important, it gave the Russians an opportunity of diverting world attention from their imperialist intervention in Hungary. What is disconcerting about Mr. Nutting's account is its anti-Israeli bias. He seems to have no understanding of the Israeli position beyond the fact that it is a source of danger to the Arabs. He does not see anything wrong in the blocking of the Suez Canal to Israeli shipping, or in the Arab persistence in a state of war.

A much more objective assessment of the Suez adventure is presented by Hugh Thomas, whose *The Spanish Civil War* revealed him to be in-depth, with an unmatched ability to set a scene in broad perspective and to connect disparate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

events. He also has the ability to assess the value of published accounts and memoirs. But it is his own researches into untapped sources—e.g., he traveled to Morocco to talk with the French Commander at Suez, General André Beaufre—which make his book an original contribution to the history of the period.

Mr. Thomas shows that apart from Prime Minister Eden, no one in London really knew the political objectives of the Suez campaign. Even the Commander-in-Chief, General Stockwell, was forced to admit that "the lack of clear political aims" bedeviled the expedition, so that no one in the armed forces had a "full and clear idea as to what they were being sent to do and why."

Even so, the military part of the affair was successful, in Mr. Thomas' judgment. Britain was ill-equipped for this kind of operation and preparations took a long time. The amphibious assault, Mr. Thomas notes, was efficiently executed against a weak enemy. But the military adventure was doomed from the start not only because of the fuzziness of political aims, but because of miscalculations about the attitude of Britain's allies, particularly the U.S. and Canada. As Mr. Thomas puts it, the aim of a "great expedition" was to restore Britain's national self-respect and to internationalize the Suez Canal. Its failure cruelly exposed the limitations of British and French power, and in a succinct epilogue, the author quotes the Israeli General Dayan who says that for the first time Britain had to bring a war to an end at a time and place not of her choosing.

The Suez adventure underlined the decisive influence of the U.S. in the Western alliance. British Ministers were exasperated by the methods and remarks of John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State. Yet the U.S. government assessed the situation more realistically than the British did. President Eisenhower had doubts about Britain's legal claims; he was not impressed by the comparisons between Nasser and Hitler; and he had reasons to be incensed by the attempts of the Allies to deceive him. American diplomacy had had the satisfaction of being right about Suez, but the U.S. did not enjoy its differences with its friends. The breach was quickly closed. Instead of the Anglo-American alliance disintegrating as many had expected, Mr. Thomas notes, "the British have never been able since to venture on a foreign policy independent of the U.S."

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

GABRIEL GERSH writes frequently on Middle Eastern affairs for these pages.

MARTIN E. MARTY is the author of *The Place of Bonhoeffer* (Association Press).

Ecumenism, The Spirit and Worship

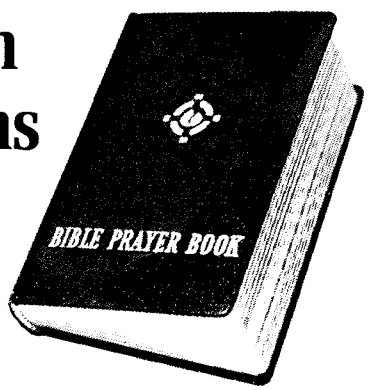
EDIT. LEONARD SWIDLER

Duquesne University Press, $4.95

MARTIN E. MARTY

I do solemnly affirm that this review was not pre-formed in my mind, wait-

Join the Read-in for All Christians



The Bible Prayer Book

Edited by Maur Burbach, O.S.B.

The First Ecumenical Prayer Book

Now, in one convenient and compact volume, all Christians can read and pray the Word of God together. Approved for Catholics and Protestants, *The Bible Prayer Book* presents selections from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. They are arranged to fit the different seasons of the Christian year, to add meaning and depth to the saving events we celebrate. Each day of the year the modern Christian can hear the word of God echoing in his own life.

To read this Word is to catch the stirrings of the creative Spirit who moves where he wills. To ponder this Word is to finger the real pulse of Christianity. To make this Word our own is to be reborn into a world where loneliness, isolation and selfishness fade into the past. In the reading of God's Word we are gathered together across all lines of division. The spirit of unity becomes a daily happening, and Christians can truly proclaim the wonders of brotherhood to mankind.

Join the Christian Read-in and Give the Gift that Proclaims Us Brothers.

"Here is a prayer book which will serve both Catholics and Protestants . . . nothing, perhaps, is more important than that we pray together." — *From the Preface by Joseph Cardinal Ritter*

"*The Bible Prayer* Book will be welcomed by all Christians . . . They will draw nearer together as they draw nearer to the One God." — *From the Foreword by Bishop James K. Mathews, Methodist Church.*

$4.50

Send to your bookseller or
THE REGINA PRESS
7 Midland Avenue, Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
Please send immediately _____ copies of **The Bible Prayer Book** @ $4.50.
Enclosed Payment $_____
No charge for postage and handling.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing for a book to which it could be attached. Rather, these reflections did grow out of reading the book. Come to think of it, though, they could now be bounced back on scores of similar ecumenical symposiums—some better, most worse than this one.

Leonard Swidler knows his business, whether that business is moderating seminars (like the one at Duquesne out of which this book grew) or editing ecumenical books or quarterlies like the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies,* which he co-founded. In the current case, he is an impresario with a choice cast of characters: who would not want names like Cooke, Brown, Lindbeck and Littell in such a collection? While some of their work loses the freshness and immediacy which must have been present when they mediated "truth through personality" in person, they do present the blend of scholarship and popular appeal which belongs in books like these.

The work, in spite of all that is going for it, does not come off. Those who own it will find themselves scanning it, skimming some high points, concentrating on a favorite essay or two, and then setting it aside. The essays have low impact, are not memorable, and do not invite return consultation.

Ecumenical books have always represented a problem. The basic idea behind ecumenism (from the One past the many toward the one) is simple. All the rest is politics and journalism, to be reported on, integrated into one's overall point of view, and then moved beyond. The intricacies of ecumenical negotiation belong to the experts. So: "ecumenical books don't sell." There have been too many. Few of them reflect today's post-ecumenical situation: we are far enough along that the differences rarely matter, yet far enough from fulfillment to keep the ecumenical goal from serving as the integrator for all theology.

Robert McAfee Brown, Bernard Cooke, Franklin Littell and George Lindbeck work over familiar themes in the opening section on Ecumenism. The most memorable moment comes when Lindbeck sulks a bit that Catholics who talk about cosmic redemption forget about forgiveness in Christ. In the final section on Worship, Helene Iswolsky deals with a somewhat esoteric (to most of us) subject as she relates Russian-Orthodox devotional life to literature; she did her homework and is informative. James F. White ("I am going to discuss a topic which has not, as far as I know, ever received any treatment") discusses worship as obligation and response—a theme I thought we had encountered before. He adds some fresh twists, as does David Buttrick in a comment on Protestant worship brightened by a passage on faddism.

The middle section on the Spirit is the test of the book, the topic most contemporary theologians neglect or shun. Three of the essays are a bit homiletical; this is most true in the case of one by a Taizé brother and least true in the instance of Bernard Cooke on authority and the Holy Spirit.

The surprise here and by far the longest essay in the book is by Robert Bertram. He takes offbeat subjects (Michael, angels, spirituality), does some remythologizing, mixes exegesis that wavers between the ingenious and the ingenuous, gives evidence that he has visited the library, and takes pains to turn a phrase on occasion. This is a kind of probe into the future of blood-of-the-Lamb language and suggests that orthodoxy need not be bland or dull. His essay may not be "worth the price of the whole book," as they say, but it comes close.

Next time we would really bring expectation if the discussion of spirituality were turned over to young Turks, radicals, secular men, or others who are a bit less at home in the embrace of the Church and its historic modes of worship. Perhaps Professor Swidler is working on bringing them together for such a book right now.

Music in Worship

Jewish Catholic Protestant

AUGUST 11-23, 1968

An Adventure in the Contribution of the Arts to Ecumenism

Inquire: Music Department

Boys Town, Nebraska

CORRESPONDENCE

The Cool Generation: Pro

Manhattan College

To the Editors: It may seem at first encouraging to find young people concerned for the directions which Christianity is to take. But we must not forget that the majority of Catholic students do not apparently see themselves as deeply involved in the life of the Church.

A group at Manhattan College called the Christian Life Council recently made an investigation, by means of a detailed questionnaire, into the religious attitudes of the school's students. It revealed that 8% no longer consider themselves Cath-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

olics; of the rest, 14% were Catholics because of a serious moral decision, 26% because of an accident of birth, and 52% because they had no serious reason to reject the faith. . .

Radical Catholic collegians have an obligation both to challenge untested, superficial faith and to offer new possibilities for belief to those on campus for whom faith has lost all meaning. This will unquestionably be a difficult task; it must begin with convincing skeptics that Catholicism can offer more to the student than the irrelevancies he remembers from his home parish and the phony hipness of "folk masses." It offers clues about life which can help each person find his answer—and this is perhaps what today's college students are looking for. HUGH O'NEILL

Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors: The students participating in the Commonweal Symposium speak for me, a member of the idealistic, impatient generation. I suffer anguish and rage when the institutional Church equivocates about war, compromises in its response to the poor, and refuses to search for new areas and modes of Christian experience.

I doubt that I would be enraged, and I wonder if the participants would be enraged, if I (and they) had not gone to a Catholic college. My anguish and theirs is a sign that a vision of the Church as it *might* be is a force in all our lives . . . The Catholic college produces the severest critics of the Catholic Church. These young people, grounded in hope, are on the cutting edge of reform in the Church as well as being persons committed to the peace and civil rights movements. . . .

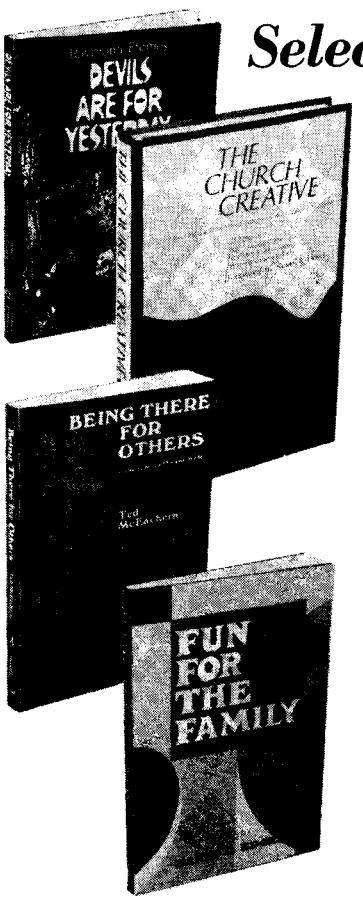
MARGO MULVEHILL
Manhattanville '64

University of Notre Dame

To the Editors: The standpoints represented by the six students who participated in the Symposium seem to us generally unrepresentative of the majority of students in any Catholic College. There are, however, growing numbers here at Notre Dame who are completely dissatisfied with the answers institutional Catholicism offers to problems, both personal and social. . .

It is obvious that we do need the institution, but we have been forced to reject it because of its repulsiveness. The solution might be uncovered if Church dogmatism were refuted, if the hierarchy were to realize the multiple modes of Christian living. To facilitate this, and to prepare for the "new age," we must begin to explore broader concepts, to develop, in other words, our theory of Christianity. This theology will essentially and necessarily derive from the same roots as that of the historical Church—Jesus and his God. . .

Such a development of theological concepts will also empower us to approach a fellow person in the "new age" with something more than a demonstration of our "own thing." Someday perhaps even the Church itself will embrace what we feel we are now discovering. WILLIAM REISHMAN
ANTHONY HOOPER



Selections for the Catholic Family

Faith to Act
Jack Boozer and William A. Beardslee. A study of the crises between faith and action as they relate to social and economic controversies. Indexed. **$5.75**

The Church Creative
Edited by M. Edward Clark, William L. Malcomson, and Warren Lane Molton. A report on 18 new experiments in church renewal. **$4.50**

Being There for Others
Ted McEachern. An unusual look at the relation of religion to current events that shows we must care for our fellow man. *Paper*, **$2.25**

Dissenter in a Great Society
William Stringfellow. A shocking indictment of Christian complacency in American life today. *Paperbound reprint*, **$1.45**

Devils Are for Yesterday
Raymond Efemey. An unusual book challenging man's habit of thinking in terms of black or white, good or bad. *Paperbound reprint*, **$1.45**

Faith for Personal Crises
Carl Michalson. Presents ways in which an adequate Christian faith can help a person to meet any test. *Paperbound reprint*, **$1.45**

The Old Testament as Word of God
Sigmund Mowinckel. A logical and lively analysis of the Old Testament for both laymen and clergy. *Paperbound reprint*, **$1.25**

Fun for the Family
Harry D. Edgren. Exciting suggestions for leisure-time activities that will appeal to the interests of families. *Paper*, **$1.45**

At your local bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cool Generation: Con

Saint Louis

To the Editors: Despite perceptive and even wise comments, the participants manifest quite clearly the major failing of the youthful dissidents—the tendency to get utterly bogged down in self-celebration and solipsistic introspection. Even their uncertainties are permeated with "thank God we are not like the rest of men." . . .

The search for purity among the young has inevitably led to its own forms of hypocrisy—the intensely concerned rebels whose involvement largely takes the form of endless kaffee klatching, the radical activists who give a few months to the movement and then drop out, the hip students who despise "sterile" academic studies but lack the curiosity and the strength to grapple with hard intellectual problems, the prophets of love and community who sneer at everyone outside their own circle of friends, the idealistic young people who reject the materialism of their parents but continue collecting their allowances, and the canonized artists who have amassed personal fortunes out of folk-singing and social protest. It is hard to get discontented young people to talk about these things. . .

Always the result is the same—the search for "authenticity" and the rejection of "phoniness" makes the circle of people smaller and smaller whom it is worthwhile to speak to or care about. One is habitually alert for people's hidden failings. One is constantly being let down—by parents, by society, by the church, by the university, by people. There is no place to go except deeper into the self, or into the frightening and corrosive hostility manifested by one member of the symposium.

JAMES HITCHCOCK

Boston

To the Editors: The spokesmen for the cool generation of Catholics—if not for the Church—seem to have a Kierkegaardian mentality, either/or. The institutional Church is "out of it," so ignore it. I miss the dimension of the Church as mystery, a pilgrim Church, without all the instant answers this segment of the cool generation demands. . . . They bemoan that they had no opportunity for ecumenical dialogue. Why? What did they do to bring classroom teaching into life situations? Were their voices raised last June against "the liquidation of the Jews," or did they join the other silent Christians? The cool generation needs to underscore the truth—one does not need to meet ecumenically to love existentially.

Like idealists, and they certainly are supercharged with this, they want instant answers to contemporary challenges. Perhaps if they took a cool look at "Pacem in Terris," at "Mater et Magistra," and at "The Church in the Modern World" through post-Vatican eyes, they would discover that the contemporary prophet, like the ancient prophet, "plucks up, and breaks down, destroys and overthrows," but he does this so he may "build up and plant." Will they get on with this hard task of building up and planting and will they help those

Commonweal Papers II

Our November 24 issue will be a 45,000-word, special-price issue on "The Problem of Jesus." It will go to all Commonweal subscribers at no extra charge. The issue will contain these articles by a distinguished list of philosophers and theologians:

Avery Dulles, S. J.—the Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith
Thomas E. Clarke, S. J.—The Humanity of Jesus
Raymond E. Brown, S.S.—The Resurrection and Biblical Criticism
Bernard Cooke, S. J.—The "Presence" of Christ
Charles Curran—The Ethical Teaching of Jesus
Frederick E. Crowe, S. J.—Christology and Contemporary Philosophy
James W. Douglass—A Non-Violent Christology
J. M. Cameron—Jesus and the Church

Begin a subscription to Commonweal with this outstanding special issue. The coupon below—or a facsimile—will bring it to you as the first of 17 issues for only $2.

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

Enclosed is $2. Send the next 17 issues of Commonweal, including the November 24 issue, to:

Name .....

Address .....

City, State, Zip .....

☐ I prefer the regular full year subscription at $9. 11/3/67

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College
Notre Dame

Fully accredited liberal arts college for women. Degrees: B.A., B.S., B.F.A., B. Music. Interdepartmental Christianity & Culture Program. Academic exchange program with University of Notre Dame. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Graduate School of Education for men and women. Catalog:
Saint Mary's College
Box 71, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

NEW JERSEY

Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

CLASSROOM ORDERS, 10 or more copies for any number of weeks to one address, 15c a copy. Free copy added for instructor or distributor on request.

INDIVIDUAL STUDENT subscriptions: one year, $6; eight months, $4.

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

YOUNG IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

HOLY CROSS BROTHERS
Teaching • Foreign Missions • Social Work
Office Work • Technical Trades
(High school graduation required)
COME ALIVE WITH HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

Please send vocation literature to me: CW

Name_____ Age_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
.....Send your request to one of these addresses.....

Brother Donald Hanzel, C.S.C.
St. Edward's University
Austin, Texas 78704

Brother John Lavelle, C.S.C.
Holy Cross Junior College
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

of us who are *positively* a bit weary of current cool negativism?

SISTER ANNE CYRIL DELANEY, S.N.D.
Emmanuel College

Bellarmine College

To the Commonweal Panelists: . . . The Church is not perfect. It never was and it never will be. You have put your finger on many of its faults. But you have done so, in my opinion, for the wrong reason. You tend to set yourselves and your particular interests up as the criteria of meaningfulness and relevancy. Because the more serious theologians are not writing at your level of comprehension and not addressing themselves to problems that are currently bugging you, they are out of it. Because the Church has not tailored her message to you, you find her irrelevant. I would suggest that matters that are not relevant to you are not necessarily irrelevant in themselves. Maybe the Church is not relevant to you—yet. Perhaps both you and the Church will continue to grow and mature. . . .

ROBERT A. PRESTON

Chicago

To the Editors: With reference to John Burke's comment in the symposium on the quality of a Catholic college education: "You can graduate from a Catholic college at the top of your class, yet the very best schools in a secular society—Stanford, Harvard, Yale, the University of Chicago—will still be very reluctant to accept you for graduate work." This is a serious misrepresentation of the situation especially in view of the Graduate Record Exam scores which are of primary importance to an admissions board regardless of the applicant's alma mater. Even in 1963 when the G.R.E. was not yet required, I graduated from Duchesne College of the Sacred Heart in Omaha (enrollment: 300 females), was readily admitted to the University of Chicago and even awarded a university grant.

ROSEMARY M. LAUGHLIN

A number of readers have disputed Mr. Burke's point, many offering statistics to argue he is in error.—Ed.

DO PRIESTS

- Cut Ribbons at Civic Affairs?
- Wrestle with Bookkeeping?
- Balance the Budget?
- Shuffle Papers?

Let's face it. There are some things that *have* to be done. In that we differ from no other priest.

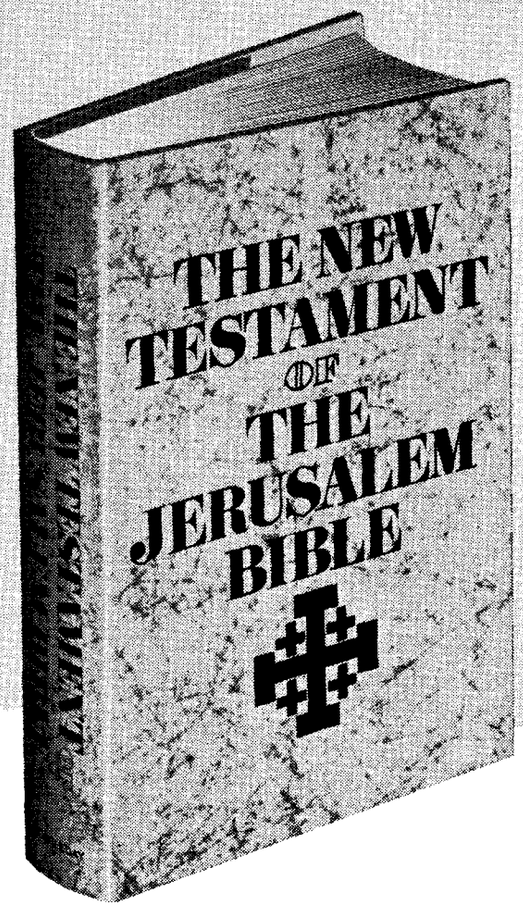
But — the Paulist feels he can rise above the everyday tasks that must be done. Because he is an individual and is treated accordingly, he is free to develop his own innate talents to achieve his goals. Individuality is the keynote of the Paulists. We depend on the individual to make his own unique contribution. We welcome it. We all profit by it.

The Paulist is a modern man, free from stifling formalism, a pioneer in using contemporary mediums and techniques to be of service to God and man.

If you are interested in making a greater contribution with your life as a priest write to the Paulists today for a special aptitude test designed to help determine if you are of priestly caliber.

National Vocations Director
PAULIST FATHERS
Room 105A
415 West 59th Street New York, N. Y. 10019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now, "the best Catholic translation"* of the Bible is available in a New Testament Edition

This edition of the New Testament, complete and unabridged, has the same features which make THE JERUSALEM BIBLE "the best one-volume annotated Bible in existence."** Among them: superb introductory essays, lucid explanatory notes, cross references to parallel and related passages, and legible, attractive single-column pages.

The text is in vital, graceful language, which, in the words of John Cardinal Heenan, "sounds as fresh to modern ears as the Bible was to the first Christians." The introductions and notes make full use of every resource of modern scholarship and science. As *The Christian Century* declared, "It is evident that clarity, contemporaneity and faithful communication of content were uppermost in the minds of the translators."

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF THE JERUSALEM BIBLE is both suitable for modern man and worthy of communicating the words and deeds of Christ. It was this achievement that prompted such extraordinary praise for THE JERUSALEM BIBLE:

JOHN L. McKENZIE, S.J. "There is just nothing like it in English, and I will not live long enough to see anything like it."

AMERICA. "One of the greatest events of all times in the book market. There is no translation quite so good in English."

ETERNITY. "If Martin Luther had been using a Bible with such notes . . . one wonders whether the Reformation would have taken place."

With publication of the New Testament edition, you can choose how you wish to share in this "landmark in the evolution of Catholic culture"***—the great scholarly and spiritual riches of THE JERUSALEM BIBLE.

*Saturday Review
**St. Louis Review
***John Cardinal Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster

THE JERUSALEM BIBLE

THE NEW TESTAMENT OF THE JERUSALEM BIBLE—$5.95
THE JERUSALEM BIBLE—
Regular edition—$16.95
Thumb-indexed edition—$19.95

at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED